

SATURDAY OCT. 14, 1899

Farmer Taylor's Ghost

By Rose L. Colby.

JIM TAYLOR and I were representing Chicago houses in the west, each, however, carrying different lines of goods. Jim was well fixed and owned a good farm adjoining Cheyenne, a locality conveniently situated for him as regarded his field of work, but after the death of his father, who in a fit of despondency caused by continued ill health had committed suicide, he left the farm and moved to Chicago.

"I don't know what to do with the old place," he said one day, as we sat in a hotel room, enjoying an after-dinner chat and some good cigars.

"John Brownson, whose land adjoins it, wants to buy it, but he is not willing to pay even half its actual value. He has been persistent in his efforts to get me to sell, but I hate to give the place away, which I would be virtually doing, if I let him have it at the figure he offers. Brownson has the name of being rather a schemer, and I think he wants to take the two pieces of ground and lay off a new addition to Cheyenne, by dividing the land into town lots."

"If I were you, I should go and live on it, or rent it," I suggested.

"The fact is," he replied, "I could not get my wife to live in the house, even though I hired a man and woman to stay with her, and it is impossible to get anyone else to live there, or rent it, at any price."

"Why, what's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Jim shifted himself around uneasily in his chair, and looking somewhat sheepish, answered:

"They say the house is haunted." I threw myself back in my chair and laughed aloud, fairly shouting, the idea seemed to me so preposterous—a haunted house in a Wyoming town, at the dawn of the twentieth century.

"Why, Jim, you certainly don't believe such rot as that," I exclaimed, when I recovered myself.

"I don't know," he replied, shaking his head, dubiously, "strange things have been seen and heard there, according to the testimony of persons whose truthfulness has never been questioned. I believe there is an element of superstition in all human nature, which only requires certain environments and conditions to bring it out. While I don't really believe in ghosts, yet I would not stay alone in the old house all night for any amount of money."

"I assure you, Jim," I broke in, "that superstition is simply a relic of barbarism, and no one but a very ignorant chump would confess to a belief in ghosts nowadays. I am glad to be able to assert that there is not a grain of superstition in my composition, and to prove it to you, I'll agree to sleep in your house instead of the hotel the next time I make Cheyenne."

Jim eagerly took me up on my proposition, and pledged cigars in profusion if I succeeded in making good my promise. I, enthused over the prospect of demonstrating the absurdity of the rumors in circulation, not only pledged myself to stay in the house alone, but to sleep in the very room that had been Jim's father's, and which had not been disturbed since his tragic death.

When I next arrived in Cheyenne I gave Jane, the chambermaid of the hotel, a dollar and asked her to go over to the Taylor place and get the front room upstairs ready for me to sleep in that night.

"Law sakes! You don't ever mean to sleep there alone," exclaimed Jane. "They do say that old man Taylor's 'jes' trampin' round de house de whole night long."

"Do you believe that, Jane?" I asked, seriously.

"Wall, she answered, timorously, "a heap o' folks has seen 'im, an' dat dere very front room was his'n. I'm most afeard to go dere alone by myself in de day time."

"Well, Jane," I said, "you can take a lot of your friends over there with you, when you go, for company. I promised Jim Taylor I'd sleep there; and, besides, I would not be afraid of old man Taylor if he were alive, and I'm sure I have no cause to fear him now that he's dead."

The Taylor house, a two-story white cottage, stood off by itself just at the edge of the town limits. On one side was an uneven looking hedge fence, forming the boundary line between the Taylor and the Brownson lands. A few tall willow trees grew so close to the cottage that their branches touched and scraped upon the roof as they swayed back and forth by the breeze from the prairie.

It was about ten o'clock when I opened the front door and found my way through the hall by the aid of a lighted match. There were no curtains on the windows, and as I ascended the stairs I could see through into the empty rooms, where the moonlight formed fantastic figures on the bare floors as it flickered in through the branches of the trees outside.

As I stepped on the uncarpeted stairs they creaked, and gave out a hollow sound which echoed throughout the house until it mingled with the noise made by the doors and windows as they were shaken and rattled by the wind. When I reached the front room upstairs I lighted the lamp, brought over from the hotel by Jane in the morning, and with cool bravery proceeded to take a survey of the place. I calmly took note of the size and shape of the room which had been the scene of the aw-

ful despondency and grim despair which resulted in the self-destruction of old man Taylor.

There was evidence on all sides of his occupancy. In one corner stood his blackthorn cane, in another an antique sword. On the wall, near the bed, hung a picture of his dead wife. His large, old-fashioned armchair was drawn up alongside a marble-top center table, on which now rested the lamp which I had just lighted. The very atmosphere seemed pervaded with his presence.

I fell to speculating on the awful deed and to wondering what were his sensations when he tied the fatal rope about his neck and dropped to death. I took a late paper from my pocket and settled myself to read, but the image of the distorted features of the suicide repeatedly came between my eyes and the printed page.

"I am nervous," I muttered, as I flung the paper aside, then partially undressing I threw myself on the bed, first taking the precaution to place my revolver close at hand.

The windows continued to rattle ominously, the doors to slam, and at frequent intervals the wind came beating the tops of the trees vigorously against the roof, moaning dismally as it died away in the distance.

I tried in vain to sleep. I counted up to 50, and then on to 100. I conjured up images of sheep jumping over fences; I had recourse to different expedients of the wakeful in their efforts to woo slumber, but without success.

Sometimes my nerves would be set vibrating by the loud, shrill whistle of a passing locomotive, as it whirled through the town, and then again the wind would resume its furious trade with the gables of the house.

"'Tis strange," I said to myself, "I have slept soundly at hotels in the midst of the most populous districts of crowded cities, with the din of the street traffic in my ears, and yet here, in this lonely old house, with no sound to disturb me, save that made by the blowing of an ordinary prairie wind, I find sleep utterly impossible."

I was tempted to get up and return to the hotel, but I was restrained by the thought that such an act would be a weak acknowledgment on my part of the truth of the stories in circulation about the house, and which I had so ridiculed.

A few strange chickens were roosting on the branches of the tree near my window, and their occasional fluttering was welcome, as it seemed companionable.

At last, thoroughly exhausted from tossing about, I began to doze a little; but suddenly I awoke with a start. I opened my eyes and looked directly in front of me. I kept my eyes securely fastened on an object standing at the foot of the bed. The form was that of a man with ghastly, pallid face, and long, white beard. About him was thrown what seemed to me a shroud, such as that in which Hamlet's departed sire was wont to parade when making night hideous; but the other was white, like his beard. I tried to speak, to move; both were impossible. I seemed to feel all my senses slowly ebbing away as I gazed. My faculties became numb and frozen; I was trembling with fear in every member. I had my hand close to my revolver, but I was powerless to move it.

I now became seized with a horrible superstitious dread. My heart ceased to beat, my blood congealed in my veins; I was almost as one in death.

My eyes never ceased for one instant to keep fastened on the apparition which, immovable for so long a time, at length began to move slowly toward the door, through which it finally disappeared.

I knew not how long I lay there, in a state of semi-consciousness, when a loud, piercing noise broke the spell and set my nerves quivering. It was only the crowing of the rooster on the tree, close to the open window, but it filled the room with a familiar, earthly sound that roused one to life and action.

I jumped quickly out of bed, in a sort of excitement born of wild terror. I was controlled by one of those wild impulses of fright which causes an animal to rush back into the flames from which his keeper has rescued him. I grasped my revolver and ran out of the door through which I had seen the apparition glide, then down the stairs, three steps at a time, and pulled open the door at the foot of the landing.

As I opened it my attention was instantly arrested by the sight of an object crawling low through the hedge fence. Mechanically I took aim and fired. There was a convulsive shaking of the branches and bushes, a report, a groan, and then—silence.

I dropped my smoking revolver and sped across the prairie to the hotel, aroused the sleeping landlord and clerk, and told my adventure. Great excitement followed. The whole town seemed to learn the news simultaneously. Immediate investigation resulted in finding John Brownson, lying wounded and unconscious, in the garden of the Taylor farm. Medical skill was summoned, and it developed that a painful, but not necessarily fatal, bullet wound in his leg would compel his confinement in his room for some time.

The Morning Mail contained the following account of the occurrence: "John Brownson, a farmer living near Cheyenne, was shot at and wounded by a traveling man, who mistook him for a ghost."

The ghost walked no more on the Taylor premises, which were soon after sold to the town authorities for school site at a reasonable figure.—Banner of Gold.

Krupp's Army of Employees.
At the beginning of this year there were employed at Krupp's works, at Essen, 41,750 persons, including 3,210 officials. The cast steel works at Essen alone employ 25,133 persons, the Gruson works 3,548, the Germania wharf, at Kiel, 2,728, and the works at Mep-pen 10,343. The consumption of fuel, amounting last year to 756,415 tons, and at all the works of the firm to 1,199,610 tons, or about 4,000 tons daily.

A Valuable Record.
Student.—Do you keep a record of all your cases?
Doctor.—Certainly. I write down the amount I receive from each patient and how much trouble I have getting it.—N. Y. Journal.

HORSE HEARD A BAND.

It Made Him Think of Old Circus Days and He Began to Dance and Tied Up Traffic.

Simply because a horse thought of the days of his youth when it performed in a circus the Consolidated traction cars at Pittsburgh, Pa., were tied up for ten minutes the other evening. At Wylie and Sixth avenues (which is usually called High street) there is much traffic. Vehicles of all kinds in great number pass and repass. So great is the traffic that a policeman is kept busy at the corner all day long.

All at once there came along High street from Grant street one of Dun-baugh's Minersville express wagons



THE HORSE HAD THE FLOOR.

pulled by an old but active horse. Once upon a time all circus horses were required to be white with spots. This was that kind of a horse.

The driver of the wagon wished to turn up Wylie avenue, and to do so, to avoid the tracks and the car which was about to turn in High street, he had to make a large curve. The horse promptly described the half circle, responding at once to the rain, but unfortunately just at the time when he should have gone straight up the avenue a band struck up a march.

There is an Italian orchestra with headquarters on High street, and it had chosen the moment to start rehearsing. Round and round the horse went in a circle, embracing the four corners of the cross streets, keeping time with the music, cantering, trotting, galloping, dancing. Cars came down Wylie avenue, came along High street, but all had to stop at the corner. The horse had the floor. Neither the persuasion nor the whip would induce the animal to leave what it fondly believed to be the ring of days gone by, for the horse was unmistakably a circus horse.

Policeman Smith, a tall negro—he is nearly seven feet tall—danced around in the center of the ring crying "Hi! Hi!" but the horse evidently took no notice of the policeman and danced the more gayly. The animal might still be dancing had it not occurred to some bright mind to have the music stopped. The bandmaster popped his head out of a window to see why the crowd had gathered, and the rehearsal was postponed and traffic resumed.

AN AGREEABLE BLUNDER.

Adventure of a Young Man and Maiden in the Cave of the Winds at Niagara Falls.

Those who have visited the Cave of the Winds at Niagara falls will remember how parties of tourists after donning the rubber coats and hoods resembled a meeting of some awful secret society organized for the purpose of crime.

To identify a friend while in the cave requires the closest scrutiny of the fea-



IN MOCK TERROR.

tures. Men and women look very much alike here and frequently ludicrous mistakes occur which are embarrassing to those concerned, but heartily enjoyed by the spectators.

Two young men recently visited this celebrated place and to one of them befell this experience. In order not to become separated they held onto each other's shoulders on entering the cave and were for a moment blinded and confused by the clouds of mist and roar of water. They moved slowly along the wooden walk and encountered another party of three or four sightseers. Another heavy gust of wind and mist blinded them, and during the excitement one of the two companions threw his arms, as he supposed, around the neck of his friend in mock terror. When the mist cleared away somewhat, there in the dusk was a surprised young woman who had been the recipient of the hug. But she made no protest.

Compiled with the Request.
Abraham Lincoln once received a letter asking for a sentiment and his autograph. He wrote: "When you ask a stranger for that which is of interest only to yourself, always inclose a stamp. There's your sentiment. Here's your autograph. A. Lincoln."

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THE STORY OF MR. WAGGONER.

How the Ex-Inferior's Opinions of Mind Led Him Into the Light of Truth.

Mr. M. O. Waggoner, of Toledo, O., a man 76 years of age, has for very many years been a notorious infidel. He was a man of convictions, and plenty of courage in the protestation of them. So absorbing was his interest in the matter, that he had gathered a remarkable library of books and other publications of the infidel sort. A few days ago, however, having a gramophone in his possession, he was moved to "stock it" with a full set of parts composing a regular Christian service, and set it going that he might see how it would seem. He placed on the machine hymns, Scripture readings and psalms, to which he listened and over which he meditated deeply. Among the selections were "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," the Twenty-third psalm, and "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."

"It was," he says, "while listening to the last named hymn that light came to me and with it a consciousness that my sins had been forgiven."

It is to be remembered, remarks the Chicago Standard, that this Mr. Waggoner, whatever during all his 70 years and more of life had been his beliefs or disbeliefs, his mental bias or prejudices, his misgivings or his aspirations, was in a somewhat peculiar state of mind. He was not posing before an audience, striking an attitude in a controversy. He appears to have been alone. He had not indeed "invited his soul to loaf," but had rather invited himself to take, if he could, an attitude of perfect candor, and alone with himself simply listen and see; what he might see.

And this, as it seems, he did, according to his testimony, when hardly had the last hymn spoken itself through the instrument before the notorious "infidel" found himself struggling to utter, out of his own heart, exactly the thought, the conviction, the joy, the ecstasy, of the hymn itself, and that somehow, he had got into a totally different mood, in short, into an altogether changed life. Perhaps, if Mr. Waggoner had sometime bethought himself to try, with like openness and freedom of mind, a similarly composed gramophone service, he had not left his friends to say of the dearest ones left behind: "You never saw so sad a home as this!"

Mr. Waggoner upon his conversion is reported to have at once resolved to make a public bonfire of his whole infidel library. In thus witnessing his new and very remarkable confession, he would make a clean sweep of it.

CHURCH HILL NOTES.

Our many friends are pleased to know that the Theosophical Social Club reorganized on the 2nd inst.

Mr. Robert Bingham of 1228 N. 28th St., and Miss Adelle Minor were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, on Thursday night last at the residence of the bride's parents, 2821 Q St. Rev. E. Payne performed the ceremony.

Blooming Lily Lodge, No. 15, K. of P., had a most enthusiastic meeting on Tuesday night last. The Chancellor Commander, O. E. T. Steward has an efficient corps of officers to assist him, and the work is in a fine condition. Many new members have been received into the lodge. The Knights of Church Hill and their friends were highly pleased at the grand showings made by the Uniform Rank last week.

SHOEMAKER Wanted—Steady work by the day or week. Apply to J. Brown, 123 North 17th st.

WANTED—A chambermaid. Good reference required. Apply at 300 E. Franklin St.

—Miss Etta Harris, of West Federal Street, has returned home after an extended visit to Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C.

—Mr. D. J. Chivers, who has been indisposed, is much improved.

Good Places North.
All parties seeking work in the neighborhood of Albany, N. Y., and other sections north, especially women who can do general housework which means to cook, wash, iron, etc., can find work by addressing us. Women of good character and ability only are wanted and must be over 20 and not more than 35 years old. Send stamp. Address, F. Z. S. Peregrino, The Spectator, Museum Building, Albany, N. Y.

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The Planet in Greensboro.
The Planet can be found at Mr. W. L. McNair's drugstore, 122 E. Market St., Greensboro, N. C.

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PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING:
Brooklyn, Aug. 15, 1891.—This is to certify that I came to New York from Albany. I was a stranger in a strange city, out of work and out of money. I had no way in which to get my money. I went to Dr. Shea, a friend I understood. What to do I did not know. A friend advised me to go and see Dr. Shea. I did. He told me to say to my last money, he took me in and treated me as a brother. Through him I got a good position that very week. I had then to say to my last money and did me no good. I bless the day I first met Dr. Shea. I would advise all in bad luck, sick in trouble to go to him at once. Sincerely,

ALBERT AYERS, 367 Atlantic Ave. South Plainfield, Aug. 15, 1891.—This is to certify that my husband had gone away and been absent two years. I mourned for him night and day. I gave him up as dead. Hearing of the power of Dr. Shea, I went to him. I resolved to consult him. He told me my husband was alive and well and where he was and how to get him home and when. To my joy all of it came true. He is home now, come back like one from the dead. I also wish to say that this morning I lost the sum of \$300. I am a poor woman and I was most insane I went to Dr. Shea and he told me I would find my money and to my intense joy I did find it as he told me. I thank God there is a man so gifted in our midst that can help people and tell them what to do. Sincerely,

MRS. MARY MILLER, South Plainfield, N. J.

A SENSATION IN BROOKLYN—A MINISTER'S STATEMENT.

I wish to state that one of my